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This is marked by some splendid brush work, where the silver birch, larch, and willow lend their shades and graces in dignity of line with the opposite low-mossy bank, topped off with a sky that blends atmospherically with the entire composition. A thoughtful piece of work, marred only by the too generous use of the greens. This was intended by the artist for the New York Exhibition. Well, it's an ill wind, etc., and Philadelphia can well afford to give it space.

To the right and centred is Keller's piece with the legendary wrong title, but right work.

This brings forth many eulogisms from seniors and juniors, and I gladly share in the welcome given it, since it assists the entire collection by its honesty of purpose and execution.

There is so little of the genre and so much in landscapes that the eye turns to seek the necessary relief.

Directly facing this I find two of Tom Moran's mountain pieces, "In the Teton Range, Idaho," and "In the Big Horn Mountains." He has learned by practical experience that the mountain must be taken at a safe distance and at a time when nature bestows her approval in giving for the artist's delight the color and tone which are the emanation of the prismatic qualities engendered by the lights on the eternal snows.

While on the subject of snow, let me point out 208, "First Rays," by Walter Palmer. This is a clear, calm conception of the light waves spreading over the expanse of the snows that is strongly backed by another example, "Wintery Shimmer," a hillside dotted with trees, throwing their shadowy forms over the snow, and one looks instinctively for the moon, to find it not. There is no trickery; it is simple, clever in its atmospheric quality, as is the "Rye Field," by the same artist.

Walter Shirlaw contributes five decorative pieces, of which 18, 19, and 21 are decidedly the best.

As a vis-à-vis, the committee have placed Laurence's "The Lizard Head, Cornwall," as a splendid foil to the deathly stillness of Snell's "Moonlight." The angry waves that roar their loud resurgam over the heads of the rocks, have a lion-like vigor, in deep contrast to the suggested contemplative qualities of the white chalk cliffs. A little more transparency might be asked for, perhaps, but taking the ensemble, it is a good, manly piece of work.

Henry Farrer is in evidence with five good attempts. 272, an "October Afternoon," marks the man as seeking for nice, soft qualities in landscape, his mossy, marshy beds being well rendered.

But for the almost photographic exactness of "Sunset after Rain," by W. C. Bauer, this would be a delight. The Turnerese sky effects have been dealt with in a clean, unfeared manner, and the composition is good; but, like the nude under the light, it leaves nothing to the imagination.

"A Winter Morning," by Rolt Triscott, is an acceptable piece of undulating country, with picturesque hollows, and trees with the first coating of snow, treated in a subdued tone, with a nice wave of light, and good drawing. His "Sunken Reef" and "Gull Cove" have not been translated as well.

Granville Smith's "In the Days of Standish," seen before, is welcome again. Its legitimate material, well handled, armed, and accoutred properly, is in a good atmosphere.

C. Myles Collier contributes his "Near Dordrecht," a little Dutch view, suggestive of the quaint monotonies peculiar to this locality. The entire treatment is sympathetic, full of the light tremors, or vibration, do ye choose it so.

"Nearing Shore," by Fred Hurd, is a capital accentuation of qualities, vigorous and tuneful. The old Dutch square-nosed smacks' dip and labor, with a freshening wind abaft and a heavy sea before, have been treated in a masterly manner.

A Remington emulation, by L. E. Herzog, a local contributor, with the legend, "Our Cavalry," is strong in action and good in drawing, an inspiration in which the charge is full of force, but marred, unfortunately, by an avoidance of color. Try again, Herzog.

James B. Sword has made the attempt of his life in "A Ray of Hope"; the result justifies the title. The theme shows three fishermen, apparently lost in a dory off the Banks, sighting a passing schooner. The pessimist sits hopelessly in the stern sheets, while his two shipmates endeavor to hail the vessel through the fog mists. Both in the conception and execution the artist has done well.

Five cattle pieces, by Peter Moran, relieve the intersected landscapes. "A September Morning," showing the lowing herd moving off to water, is wet with the morning dews and half-suggestive shadows from the vibrating lights. None of the old-time vigor is lost; and I regret, on turning to 181, "The Margin of the Stream," to see a slight disposition to introduce the lighter and less dignified pigments. No. 222—"Noonday, the Margin of the Woods," executed in a free and refreshing manner, full of sober thought. "A Solemn Chord of Music," attuned to nature's note, fully atones for the discrepancy of the former.

"Early Morning on Diaz Creek, N. J.," by E. Taylor Snow, possesses good atmospheric qualities. In fact, it may be said that throughout the entire collection, more attention has been paid to this valuable quality than at any previous time.

G. J. Brown, F. K. M. Rehn, English, Chapman, *et al.*, are represented, but not a De Richards. Strange, too! MITSCHKA.

SOME OLD DRAWINGS.

AN exhibition has just closed at the Pratt Institute in Brooklyn, which may incidentally illustrate the art knowledge of the daily press reviewers. Only here and there a scanty notice of a few lines was found about an exhibition which I believe to have been artistically the most important one that has been held this season in Greater New York. The collection consisted of fifty-five drawings by the early Italian and Flemish masters, with a few others added.

Drawing is the foundation of all artistic representation. It is the skeleton on which the composition hangs, to be clothed with the artist's conception—his skill and his *begleiterung*.

If all the words of language are in the dictionary, eloquence is only in the soul of the writer; and if all truths are in nature, it is that the painter may draw thence the elements of expression, not by composing his figures of bits and morsels, but by bringing them back to the unity of the character he has conceived, by insuring the triumph of the sentiment that animates him, imitating the musician who hastens or retards the time according to his own heart-beats. This is the kind of drawing we find on these leaves; looking for the principles of correct drawing, they are found with these great masters.

Travelling by varied roads they attained to the same perfection. "The whole is more important than a part" is one of the truths that serves as a rule to the designer. Study the model as a whole; close the eyes to details till the general movement of the figure has been seized. Raphael makes us feel this predominance of synthesis even in the parts—that is, after taking the whole of a whole, he takes the whole of each part. Yet how different is he from Dürer, for instance, who analyzes a figure, who builds up his drawing bit by bit until, as a German proverb says, "the trees prevent one seeing the forest." With Dürer a model remains a Peasant of the Campagna; with the painter of Urbino, suppressing only a few peculiarities, he disengages the ugliness of the lowest walks of life and ennobs his subject. See this "Madonna and Child," so much naïveté that it seems the result of intuitive knowledge. Desiring truth more than beauty, he arrests the movement of the figure, assures himself of the proportions, seizes the play of the muscles, and verifies the grace of his thought. The "Massacre of the Innocents" no less shows subtlety of line and breathing movement. The study for "Dispute on the Sacrament" of the Vatican shows grandeur without effort. In the frieze "Cupids and Lions" he lets us from the first lines divine the future grace. With such a master a bit of coal becomes a diamond.

On the other hand Michelangelo, instead of blending the parts into one whole, gives them an exaggerated relief, a strongly marked contour. Instead of enveloping the muscles he develops them. A "Moses," differing from his famous painted work, shows here this boldness, as does "The Tiber god, Romulus and Remus and the Wolf."

A curious drawing is an example of Titian, showing on one side of the paper the sketch of the lower part of his well-known "Assumption" of Venice, and on the back the ascending Virgin in a few washed lines with marvellous exactitude. Here and there some crayon lines demark the folds of the apostles' robes. Da Vinci's little "Head of an Old Man" shows the love of detail of the master, yet his greatness in the repose and breadth of the shadows, only indicated here in a few small patches, yet masterly done.

But I cannot give a catalogue of this rare treat for the true amateur and collector. Notice yet this Cortona, "Jupiter and Juno," a *carton* for a ceiling fresco; it is a washed drawing; the ink, after the drawing was made, was again wetted to let it flow slightly, a dexterous *tour-de-force* producing a soft and happy result. Look then at this copy by Rubens of Michelangelo's great "Creation"; admire the fine modelling of the "Portrait of Himself" by Frans Mieris, like the "Perseus and Andromeda" of Domenichino in two crayons. There is a Van Dyck portrait, a Rembrandt, "White Negress"; Tintoretto, Guido, Cellini, Veronese, and so on. Yet one to be noticed, a Francia (1450-1517), and perhaps the earliest example of water color in this country, in its purest state of producing shades by laying tint over tint.

It is a pity that this collection has not also been shown in Manhattan. I understand it is the property of a Western gentleman who recently purchased the collection from Mr. W. Macbeth.